

# First Mischele, a Baker, Killed in John Kruger's Bedroom.

Friends Say He Was a Somnambulist; Others Claim He Was a Burglar.

He Had Removed His Shoes and Dropped a Distance of Ten Feet to a Roof.

KRUGER'S BULLET PIERCED HIS HEART.

Dead Man Had Been Thrown Out of Work and May Have Been Driven to Desperation by Poverty.

Somnambulist, as he may have been, or burglar, as the facts would seem to indicate, Ernst Mischele was shot and instantly killed at 2 a. m. yesterday in the bedroom of John Kruger, at No. 1238 Gates avenue, Brooklyn.

Kruger keeps a saloon at that number, and lives with his wife in apartments on



He is a veteran of the Russian war, and a member of a sharpshooters' association. He has had the saloon for three years past.

Mischele was a baker out of work. He was twenty-three years old, stoutly built and intelligent looking. He had worked until recently in a bakery near Kruger's saloon, but lost his job, and on Tuesday asked Henry Kuntz, who also lives at No. 1238 Gates avenue, and with whom he was slightly acquainted, to let him have a room for a couple of days. Kuntz consented, and gave Mischele 25 cents to buy something to eat.

After being out all day, presumably seeking employment, Mischele returned to No. 1238 Gates avenue about 10 o'clock on Tuesday night and went straight to bed. Kruger closed his saloon at 1 a. m. yesterday, and took his day's receipts with him. He put the money, about \$100, under his pillow, and his gold watch on a chair beside his bed. Alongside the watch he laid his revolver, all the chambers of which were loaded. Kruger was dozing when he heard a noise in the kitchen. The bedroom and kitchen doors were both open, and Kruger had a clear view of the kitchen window.

**Paid No Rent to Warnings.** Outside of this he saw a man standing. The stranger was in the act of raising the window, opening out upon the flat roof of a ledge room in the rear of the saloon. The man had removed his shoes, and had on only his stockings, drawers, undershirt and white shirt. He moved the window cautiously and slipped into the kitchen. Then he closed the window softly after him and began to walk slowly toward Kruger's bedroom.

"Who's that?" cried the saloonkeeper. "That was you?"

"There was no reply. The man continued to advance."

"Speak or —" said Kruger, leaving the sentence unfinished, as he reached for his revolver and aimed it at the intruder. There was still no response, and Kruger fired. His aim was perfect. The bullet went through the other man's heart, and with a groan he fell to the floor a corpse.

To Kruger's great surprise he saw that the dead man was Mischele. Whatever his object was—whether he was merely a sleepwalker or a victim of hard luck, rendered desperate by poverty—Mischele had entered Kruger's apartments unarmed.

## Somnambulist Theory Upset.

Investigation showed that Mischele had left his bed without his roommate's knowledge, had opened the window overlooking the extension, and had dropped a distance of ten feet. Those who seem at the idea that such a drop must have awakened him, even if he had been up to that time asleep.

As soon as Kruger found that Mischele was dead he dressed himself and, going around to the Hamilton avenue police station, told the sergeant at the desk what had happened. The police locked Kruger and his wife up. Mrs. Kruger was released from custody in the Gates avenue police court a few hours later, and Kruger was put under \$5,000 bonds to answer the charge of homicide. Ball was quickly furnished.

Mischele's body was taken to Undertaker Bugliari's, No. 115 Evergreen avenue. It will be buried tomorrow in the Lutheran cemetery. Mischele's parents are living in Germany. Kruger believes that his habit of placing his day's receipts under his pillow each night was known to Mischele, and that he came to the house for the purpose of committing robbery. But if Mischele knew this much, he must also have known that Kruger went armed to advance upon the saloonkeeper after the warning was, therefore, not easily explained.

"There is no doubt," said one of Kruger's neighbors, "that Mischele was a sleepwalker. He would often get up at night and walk around his room. He would go around feeling of the walls as if he were blind."

A single word quick and effective treatment. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup furnishes this. Adv.

## UP THE "FAST MAIL."

### Union Pacific Train Robbed Near the Great Weber Canyon, Utah.

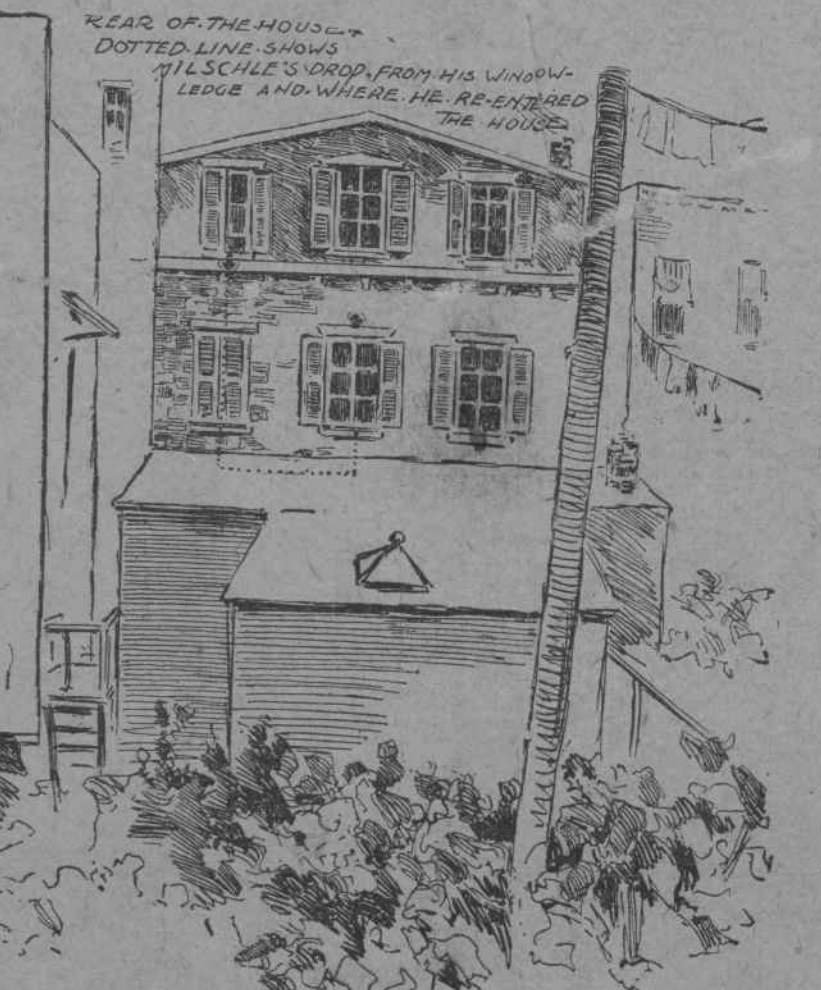
A Bandit's Revolver at the Engineer's Head Brought Him to a Stand Still.

Dynamite Failed to Open the Express Safe, So Registered Mail Pouches Were Looted.

PASSENGERS WERE NOT MOLESTED.

After Overlooking One Package Containing \$25,000 the Robbers Escaped to the Mountains—Scouts Are Now on Their Trail.

Ogden, Utah, Oct. 14.—A remarkably bold hold-up of the Union Pacific's "Fast Mail" train occurred eight miles east of here this morning shortly before 2 o'clock. Three masked men intimidated the engineer, brought the train to a standstill and made way with three pouches of registered mail, supposed to contain considerable money.



## Burglar or Somnambulist?

Ernst Mischele, a baker out of work, known to have somnambulist fits, secured a temporary lodging over the saloon of J. Kruger, in Brooklyn. Early yesterday morning Kruger, who was dozing with his day's receipts by his side, saw a white-robed figure of a man climb through the window and advance toward him. He commanded the intruder to stop, but as the latter continued to advance he shot him dead. It was Mischele.

and other valuable mail matter. The robbers have escaped to the mountains and many scouts are now on their trail. The passengers were not molested, and the majority of them knew nothing of the affair until some time after it had happened.

There is probably not a drover place along the "Overland Route," and none better suited for such a robbery than the scene of this morning's affair. It is a half mile east of Utah, a small station. It is near the mouth of the Great Weber Canyon, and the entire surrounding country is extremely mountainous. The train was making fast time, and how the robbers got on board is a mystery. The train, however, had stopped for water at Patterson, a small station in the heart of Great Weber Canyon, and it is thought the bandits boarded the blind baggage car there.

The first notice that the trainmen had of their presence was when two of them crawled into the cab from over the tender, the third remaining behind. All were heavily masked and armed. The larger of the two jumped down alongside the engineer. Placing his revolver at the engineer's head, he said:

"When I tell you to stop, stop right away, or I'll blow your brains out," emphasizing this threat with an oath. The other compelled the fireman to cover his head with a cotton sack. The engineer soon received his order, and the train was brought to a full stop. The robbers ran back and unlocked the train just back of the mail and express cars.

**ENGINEER OFF FOR AID.** The engineer, being left alone, jumped from the cab and started to run toward Utah. He was ordered to stop and a few shots were sent after him, but they all went wide of the mark and he kept on. From Utah he telegraphed here for help, and then started back to his train. Before he got back, however, he met his engine coming west at full speed. The conductor, surprised at the sudden stop, laid him ahead. When he found the locomotive unguarded he jumped aboard and threw open the throttle. In the meantime the brakemen and other trainmen had been aroused by the firing that was going on outside. The robbers were not aiming at any one or anything in particular, but unloaded their revolvers just outside the mail and express cars to terrorize the attendants. They succeeded in covering the men in charge of the express car, and while two of the trio lined up the men in charge against the rear of their car the third desperado made an attempt to blow up the safe. The dynamite did not work properly, and the discharge proved ineffective. The safe belonged to the Pacific Express Company and was in charge of the company's regular men. None of the other express matter was disturbed.

The robbers then threatened to blow open the safe in the mail car, but they discovered that the engine had been run ahead, so they made no attempt to use dynamite in the mail car, but turned their attention to the sacks of mail that lay on the floor. They sorted out the pouches containing the reg-

istered mail and authorized them all in. The pouches were taken outside the car, where they were cut open and rifled of their contents. The letters and packages that appeared to be the most valuable were taken and the remainder thrown out on the ground. The Salt Lake pouch, however, was overlooked. It contained an unusually heavy amount of money, one package of \$25,000 alone being consigned to the Wells-Fargo Bank in that city.

**TOOK TO THE MOUNTAINS.** After going through the pouches the robbers took to the Wahatch mountains, on the north. This is a desolate country, and the hiding places there are numerous. The country lying on the north side of the Union Pacific, however, lies in a "Y" of the railroad. The road separates into two branches at Granger, the one running to Ogden and the other to Pocatello. It is hoped that the robbers may be kept within this "Y."

If it can be done their capture is reasonably sure. There are certain places where they must come out for food and drink, and they will be watched.

As soon as the news of the hold-up reached here a special train bearing a hastily organized posse was sent out. Another special with a larger number of men was soon afterward sent out from Salt Lake City. Scouts have also been dispatched from Pocatello, Blaine, Montpelier, Green River and Granger.

**First Wedding in a New Church.** Greenwich, Conn., Oct. 14.—The marriage of Charles G. Quintard and Miss Edith Burleigh occurred at the First Congregational Church at noon today. The bride was attired in white silk and moire, and her veil was fastened with a cluster of diamonds. This is the first wedding to take place in the new church edifice.

## FOR SALE: A PLAY. APPLY TO HANNA.

McKinley Manager Had a Drama to Be Used as an Object Lesson.

Horrors of Free Silver Were to Have Been Shown by Ten Barnstorming Companies.

Ingenuity of Stage Mechanism Taxed by a Scene Revealing a Flood of Silver in Action.

HOBBART FROWNS ON THE VENTURE

Declares the Republican National Committee Cannot Drop Politics for Theatricals, and the Rialto Mourns.

Safely tucked away in the archives of the Republican National Committee is the scenario of a free silver drama showing all the horrors of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. That the play was not produced was not the fault of Mr. Hanna, because the big chairman of the committee is a firm believer in object lessons. He also has a leaning toward the theatrical business, getting a slight experience in it in Cleveland, Ohio, after he foreclosed the mortgage on old John Ellsler's theatre for a debt of \$80,000, thus securing property worth nearly a quarter of a million.

The idea of having a free silver drama is said to have originated with Mr. Loeb, son of the junior member of the firm of Kuhn & Loeb, bankers and brokers, at No. 27 Pine street.

Mr. Loeb's scheme, briefly, was that the drama should be built to stand wear and tear and one-night stands. It should be a well-constructed affair, with hinges all over it, suitable for packing and traveling in doubtful States, and should be egg proof. The play should show all the terrible things that would happen under free coinage.

Mr. Hanna saw at once how, for the first time in the history of campaigns, the drama could be an important factor.

**HANNA WAXES WARM.** He was enthusiastic. He suggested scenes for the play showing the misery of the young hero when he found that the bank president with side whiskers was going to pay him his savings in fifty-three-cent dollars. Then Hanna wanted the great Silver Trust shown in the play, and insisted that the piece must have a silver trust holding secret meetings and raising millions to raise the price of silver to \$1.29 an ounce. When the subject of money was broached the chairman was still interested. Instead of having one company do the play, he wanted ten.

It was while the enterprise was in this state that Mr. Edward Vroom, known to theatrical fans, became associated with it. Mr. Vroom thought the idea a great one, and the word of Mr. Hanna to go ahead was taken to mean that everything would be ready as soon as the play was turned out. So far the play was only a theory, and Mr. Loeb and Mr. Vroom cast about for the right sort of a playwright. They tried Bronson Howard, Augustus Thomas, Clay Greene, "Chimmie Fadden" Townsend and others. The only good playwright who had the time was John Ernest McCann. Mr. McCann consented to go to work on it at once. He drew up the plans and specifications, measured the hero by the gold standard and put in villain with enough free coinage sentiment to steal the girl, while he shouted "Long Live Sixteen to One!"

Then the scenario, with a little music, a couple of gags in regard to when a dollar is not a dollar, a gag scene and property plot, were turned over to a well-known newspaper reporter, whose specialty is politics, with instructions to play the silver syndicate strong.

About this time Edward Lauterbach, of "We will not abide by that decision" fame, learned of the play. He also induced it, and the work of writing in the scenes, building up the gold standard hero's lines and writing in the comedy commenced. Mr. McCann has done some very clever work as a dramatist, but the political end, of course, was a shade out of his line, so the newspaper man was hired. As the play progressed it was pronounced a beauty.

**Specimens of the Acts.** One scene showed the crime of 1873. Hanna stands looking at a mirage of the Spring Valley strike and a ton of coal at the back of the stage commences to rise in value until it finally goes up to the skies.

The terrible flood of silver is another of the scenes. The whirl winds outside, and big 16 to 1 dollars beat against the windows like hail. The heroine says:

"What is it?" as the wind grows stronger, and she sweeps up the silver that comes down the chimney and rolls about the floor.

"It is the accursed flood of silver the papers predicted, Harriett. The silver of foreign lands is being poured in upon us. Get me the shoe shovel. I must clear a road to the bank. It must be knee-deep by this time, and it is still coming down."

**Back Pay for an Ex-Slave.** Louisville, Ky., Oct. 14.—Anne Weir, the ex-slave, who sued her old master, William Weir, for twenty-four years' pay at \$3 per week, was yesterday given a verdict for \$1,450, which is about half the amount she asked for. She had worked for him ever since her emancipation without wages, on his agreement to lodge, clothe and feed her as long as she lived. Upon his second marriage he discharged her.

**Colonel Breckinridge Named Again.** Frankfort, Ky., Oct. 14.—The Seventh District Republican Congressional Committee met here this afternoon and nominated Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge for congress. There was no opposition.

In torrents. Have you any money?" says George. "I have two copper cents," the heroine replies.

"Give it me, then. Their coinage is limited, thank Heaven, and they will still buy bread," and the hero goes out, while the silver rushes in through the partly opened door.

**Down Comes Hobart's Foot.** The play was slowly but surely nearing completion. Mr. Hanna had said it was all right and had gone to Chicago. The actors about the Rialto were figuring on a ten weeks' season with nothing but money and star parts. A property man in an uptown theatre was going to make the property silver and then—

Then Mr. Loeb sent a letter to the committee, to Mr. Hobart to be exact, and asked the latter to put up \$2,000 for the renting of the place. Mr. McCann was not writing plays for his health. The news, however, that it was all declared off. Somebody paid the damages and the play is now laid away. Mr. Hobart says anybody can have an interest in the piece if they will guarantee a production.

**A QUARTER; NO QUARTER.** Angry Philanthropist, After Being Induced to Disgorge, Forces a Gorge on the Enemy.

His head was banded and he made a most forlorn appearance as he wandered up and down Park Row. His drawn and webogene face so genuinely betokened suffering that it did not take much of a "hard-luck" story to get money from passers-by. When he neared the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge he walked up to a well-dressed man and whined:

"Please, sir, want you help me get something to eat. I haven't tasted a bite in twenty-four hours."

The man responded with a quarter. Then he said:

"Now that's for food, mind you. No whiskey, I'm going to water."

The beggar headed for a restaurant and took from the man a hash, soup, small steak, sirloin, cakes, fruit, coffee and anything else on the bill of fare.

The tramp became contemplative. Then he rose from his seat and walked out. "Guess I don't want nothing," he said.

Dodging into a doorway he looked about to see if his benefactor was around. Failing to see him, he sneaked into a saloon. But the philanthropist had been watchful, and following in hot haste, pulled the tramp from the bar, where he was demanding a drink.

"I told you that money went for grub, not for booze," he shouted. "You said you were hungry, and you've got to eat."

Back into the restaurant the tramp was dragged, and a dish of ham and eggs was put before him. "Eat that," said the philanthropist, standing guard at the table.

The tramp tried hard, but would hardly swallow a mouthful. Finally he looked up and whined: "Say, can't you let me off?"

Without a word the waiter and the benefactor joined forces and the tramp was bounced so forcibly that he fell flat on the sidewalk.

**TOWN HELD UP BY A GANG.** Eight Masked Men Looted Peryear, Tenn., and Then Made Their Escape.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 14.—A gang of masked men looted the little town of Peryear, in Henry County, early this morning. At about 4 a. m. there was an explosion, followed by the rapid firing of guns and revolvers. A number of citizens ran from their houses only to meet masked men, who warned them to go back under penalty of death.

There were eight men in the gang, and all were heavily masked. After robbing a number of stores they set fire to several buildings and then fled. A posse was organized and started in pursuit of the marauders. It is estimated that the bandits got away with at least \$3,000 in money.

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## BIG IN VANA IN DEADLY PERIL.

Big Battleship's Narrow Escape from Destruction at Sea.

Both Monster Turrets Break Loose During the Hurricane.

Threaten to Fall Upon and Send the Mighty Ironclad to the Ocean's Bottom.

CATASTROPHE HAPPILY AVERTED.

It Was an All Night Fight, but Mechanical Skill, Backed Up by Pluck, Overcame Misfortune That the Elements Tried Hard to Make Complete.

That grand battleship, the "Indiana," lying safe and sound in the harbor, and her gallant officers and crew are very glad of it.

Not particularly because a visit to New York is always a delight to Uncle Sam's brave sailors, but because a pleasant berth off Staten Island is so vastly preferable to one at the bottom of the sea.

And that is just where the mighty vessel came near going a few days ago.

Six vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron of the United States Navy arrived off Tompkinsville, S. I., yesterday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock from Hampton Roads, and dropped anchor. They were the flag ship New York, the Maine, Cincinnati, Montgomery, Indiana and Texas. To use the words of several officers of the New York, "they struck the heel of the gale" which wrought so much damage in these quarters in the early part of the trip.

That heel gave a mighty kick, for it not only greatly impeded the progress of the squadron, but came very near putting an end to the Indiana's career. As it is, she is pretty badly used up on deck, and will likely have to go to dry dock.

Two of her big turrets became loosened during a heavy roll of the sea. After struggling for help, she laid to and had to wait many hours while the disturbed machinery was being put in temporary shape, and impending disaster, possibly destruction, averted.

The Raleigh left Hampton Roads early Monday with orders to blow up wrecks on the Hatteras shoals. She was then to proceed to South Carolina to receive a presentation cup. At 10 o'clock on the same morning the other six and the Columbia left, intending to go to the drill grounds.

At 3 o'clock the Raleigh was overhauled standing by Cape Charles. The lights at that point had broken two cables and drifted twenty-five miles out to sea in a westerly wind. The Columbia was ordered to send cables to the Raleigh and to follow her back. She is still away on that mission.

The trip to the Cape Charles drill grounds had to be abandoned because of the heavy gale that sprang up later in the day. The sea was heavy and the vessels rolled fearfully. At 10 o'clock at night the Indiana set up signals to the Raleigh. The signal light turret in the after battery had become loose. She was playing about under reduced steam. The officers buckled with the dread that the mighty weight of steel and iron might at any minute be heaved over upon and destroy the ship. In the wake of the Indiana the Maine and Texas were bobbing like chips in a boiling cauldron.

Just after the first signal was displayed a second was set up. At that time the turret in the fore part of the ship had also been ripped from the clamps. It was spinning round and its great gun was swinging viciously back and forth as the vessel plunged.

The Indiana hauled out of line, laid to and kept steering away while the New York and the other vessels stood by.

The wind blew with hurricane force all night, the sea breaking over the decks, while the officers and crew endeavored to fasten new clamps on the turrets.

In the early part of the blow Night Eagle, U. S. Gunboat, was driven from her berth to the floor and stammered. A launch built dear was lifted from its hinges and struck him in the right leg, fracturing it in two places. The limb was hoisted up by the surgeons and Galbraith was conveyed to the hospital on the Indiana's arrival.

On Tuesday, after a desperate fight with the disarranged machinery, the turrets were fastened with clamps and hawsers. During all of Monday night the squadron made only forty miles. The full injury to the turrets had not been ascertained last night.

The Maine sustained some little damage to her deck by the waves that broke over her. It was said that the Montgomery behaved beautifully during the gale, and proved herself, in this instance, the best sea boat of the squadron.

Those of the squadron that are here have orders to coal ship and be ready for sailing by the 20th. Various rumors were about last night. One was that the vessels are to be ready to proceed to the Danianles in case the Bancroft is interfered with by the Turkish Government. Another had it that Rear-Admiral Buce is to be sent to the Navy Yard, and that Rear-Admiral Ramsay is to take charge of the squadron, using the Brooklyn as a flagship. It was also said that Commandant Seward, now at the Navy Yard, is to go to the Pacific coast.

On board the New York the officers refused to state anything in the premises. They also refused to discuss a report that the turrets on the New York were also started. Rear Admiral Buce could not be seen.

A new manual of signals, in which many old ones are to be eliminated, is to be tried by the officers. It is not yet completed. A committee composed of officers from each vessel is now working on it. It is understood that some signals recently adopted would have a tendency to bring about a collision instead of preventing one.



## RESGUE OF THE CREW OF THE SCHOONER LUTHER M. REYNOLDS BY THE STEAMSHIP EL MAR.

On Monday morning, off Winter Quarter Lightship, the crew of the wrecked coaster was taken off by a Morgan Line steamer. From fright and exposure two of the schooners sailors had been made temporarily insane. Nearly all vessels arriving in this port yesterday showed evidences of the frightful tale that has been sweeping the coast since Sunday.